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S O M E

MEMOIRS

Of the LIFE of

JOHN ROBERTS.

Written by his SON

DANIEL ROBERTS.

The THIRD EDITION.

*The Steps of a good Man are ordered by the
LORD; and he delighteth in his Way. He
is his Strength in the Time of Trouble.
Pf. xxxvii. 23. 39.*

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S O M E

M E M O I R S

Of the L I F E of

J O H N R O B E R T S.



H A V E had it on my Mind, for some Years past, to commit to Writing some memorable Passages, the Chief of which were transacted in my Time, together with some short Account of our Family.

My Grandfather's Name was JOHN ROBERTS, *alias* HAYWOOD. He liv'd at a Village call'd *Siddington*, within a Mile of *Cirencester*, in *Gloucestershire*. I have heard he lived reputably on a little Estate of his own, which he occupied. He married MARY SOLLISS, Sister to ANDREW SOLLISS, Esq; who was in the Commission of the Peace, and sustain'd great Spoil in the Time of the Civil War between K. CHARLES I. and the Parliament. I have heard that a Colonel, and his Men, and Horses, quarter'd themselves upon him a considerable Time together, turning their Horses to the Corn and Hay Mows.

My Father and his next Neighbour went into the Army under *Oliver Cromwell*, and continued 'till they heard *Cirencester* was taken by the King's Party; when they thought proper to return home, to see how it fared with their Parents and Relations.

As they were passing by *Cirencester*, they were discover'd and pursued by two Soldiers of the King's Party (then in Possession of the Town.) Seeing themselves pursued, they quitted their Horses, and took to their Heels: But by reason of their Accoutrements could make but little Speed. They came up with my Father first; and tho' he begged for

Quarter, none they would give him; but laid on him with their Swords, cutting and slashing his Hands and Arms, which he held up to save his Head; as the Marks upon them did long after testify. At length it pleased the Almighty to put it into his Mind to fall down on his Face; which he did. Hereupon the Soldiers, being on Horseback, cry'd to each other, *Alight, and cut his Throat!* But neither of them did; yet continued to strike and prick him about the Jaws, till they thought him dead. Then they left him, and pursued his Neighbour, whom they presently overtook and kill'd. Soon after they had left my Father, it was said in his Heart, *Rise and flee f'r thy Life;* which Call he obey'd; and starting upon his Feet, his Enemies espy'd him in Motion, and pursu'd him again. He ran down a steep Hill, and thro' a River, which ran at the Bottom of it; tho' with exceeding Difficulty, his Boots filling with Water, and his Wounds bleeding very much. They follow'd him to the Top of the Hill; but, seeing he had got over, pursued him no farther. He was at a Loss which Way to take in this wounded and disconsolate Condition, being surrounded with Enemies on every Hand. At length he determin'd to go to his Uncle *Solif's*; from whence he sent a Servant to a Widow at *Cirencester* (at whose House the Chief Officers lay) with whom he was acquainted, desiring her to come to him; which she readily did, and offered him all the Service in her Power. He desir'd her, as the Principal Officers lay at her House, to use her Interest with 'em to give Command that none of the Soldiers might offer him any Abuse, which she effected; and in Good-will to her, they likewise sent their ablest Surgeon to him. He was a Man of great Skill, but of a sour Disposition; for he told my Father, *if he had met him in the Field, he would have kill'd him himself;* but now, said he, *I'll cure you;* which he did. When my Father found himself able, he went to his Father's House, and found him very ill in Bed. They greeted each other with many Tears, and a great Intermixture of Joy and Sorrow. After some Time, my Father perceiv'd him to tremble to such a Degree, that the Bed shook under him. Upon which my Father ask'd him how it was with him? He reply'd, "I am well: I feel no Pain. 'Tis the mighty Power of God that shakes me." After lying still some Time, he broke out in a sweet Melody of Spirit, saying,

" In

"In the LORD only have I Righteousness and Strength! In GOD have I Salvation!" I don't remember to have heard he said any Thing more before his Departure.

The Civil War continuing, my Father found he could not be safe at home, and therefore he went again, and continued 'till near the Conclusion of that dreadful Eruption; when he return'd again to his sorrowful Family at *Siddington*. After some Time he took to Wife *Lydia Tindal*, Daughter of *Thomas Tindal* of *Slincomb*, near *Dursley*; a religious Family, and one of those under the Denomination of *Puritans*. *Matthew Hale* (afterwards Lord Chief Justice of England) was her Kinsman, and drew her Marriage-Settlement. It pleased GOD to give 'em Six Children, viz. *John*, *Joseph*, *Lydia*, *Thomas*, *Nathaniel*, and *Daniel*. *Joseph* and *Lydia* died young; *Thomas* was kill'd, at the Age of Fourteen, by a Kick from a Mare; the rest living to Man's Estate.

In the Year 1665, it pleased the LORD to send Two Women Friends, out of the North, to *Cirencester*, who, enquiring after such as feared GOD, were directed to my Father as the likeliest Person to entertain 'em. They came to his House, and desired a Meeting. He granted it, and invited several of his Acquaintance to sit with 'em. After some Time of Silence, the Friends spake a few Words, which had a good Effect. After the Meeting, my Father endeavour'd to engage 'em in Discourse: But they said little, only recommended him to *Richard Farnsworth*, then Prisoner for the Testimony of Truth, in *Banbury Jail*, to whom they were going. Upon the Recommendation my Father went shortly after to the Prison, in order to converse with *Richard*; where he met with the two Women who had been at his House. The Turnkey was denying them Entrance, and telling them he had an Order not to let any of those giddy-headed People in; and therefore, if they did go in, he would keep them there. But upon my Father's Desire they were admitted in along with him, and conducted, through several Rooms, to a Dungeon where *Richard Farnsworth* was preaching, thro' a Grate, to the People in the Street. But soon after they came in he desisted, and, after a little Time of Silence, turning to them, he spake to this Purpose: "That *Zachus*, being a Man of low Stature, and having a Mind to see CHRIST, ran before, and climb'd up into a Sycamore Tree: And our Saviour, knowing his good Desires,

' call'd to him, *Zacheus, come down! This Day is Salvation*
 ' *come to thy House.* Thus, *Zacheus* was like some in our
 ' Day, who, are climbing up into the Tree of Knowledge,
 ' thinking to find CHRIST there. But the Word now is, *Za-*
 ' *cheus come down! come down! for that which is to be*
 ' *known of GOD is manifested WITHIN.*' This, with more
 to the same Purpose, was spoken in such *Authority*, that,
 when my Father came home, he told my Mother he had
 seen *Richard Farnsworth*, who had spoke to his Condition
 as if he had known him from his Youth. And after this
 Time he patiently bore the Cross; and afterwards, when
 it pleased GOD to communicate to him a Portion of the
 Knowledge of his Blessed Truth, a Necessity was laid upon
 him, one First-Day Morning to go to the Publick Worship-
 house in *Cirencester* in the Time of Worship, not knowing
 what might be required of him there. He went; and,
 standing with his Hat on, the Priest was silent for some
 Time: But being ask'd why he did not go on? he answer'd,
he could not, while that Man stood with his Hat on. Upon
 this, some took him by the Arm, and led him into the
 Street, staying at the Door to keep him out: But after wait-
 ing a little in Stillness, he found himself clear, and passed
 away. As he pass'd the Market-place, the Tie of his Shoe
 slacken'd; and, while he stooped down to fasten it, a Man
 came behind him, and struck him on the Back a hard Blow
 with a Stone, saying, *There, take that for JESUS CHRIST's*
fake. He answer'd, *So I do;* not looking back to see who
 it was, but quietly going his Way. A few Days after a
 Man came and asked him Forgiveness; telling him He was
 the unhappy Man that gave him the Blow on his Back, and
 he could have no Rest since he had done it.

Not long after, Three Friends came that Way, who
 found the like Concern, viz. *Robert Silvester, Philip Grey,*
 and *Thomas Onyon.* These standing in the Steeple-house
 with their Hats on, tho' they said nothing, the Priest was
 silent: And being ask'd if he was not well? he answer'd,
he could not go forward while those dumb Dogs stood there.
 Whereupon the People dragg'd 'em out: And the Priest
 afterwards informing a Justice that they interrupted him in
 Divine Service, they were bound over to the Quarter-Sess-
 ions. My Father, at their Desire, accompany'd them to
 the Sessions: And, when they were called, and the Priest

had accused them, the Bench, in a Rage, without asking them any Questions, order'd their Mittimus to be made. This unjust and illegal Proceeding kindled my Father's Zeal; infomuch that he, stepping forward, call'd to the Justices, saying, *Are not those who sit on the Bench sworn to do Justice? Is there not a Man among you that will do the Thing that is right?* Whereupon John Stephens, of Lipeat (then Chair-man) cry'd out, *Who are you, Sirrab? What is your Name?* My Father telling him his Name, he said, *I am glad I have you here: I have heard of you: You deserve a Stone Doublet: There's many an honest Man than you hang'd. It may be so,* answer'd my Father: *But what dost thou think becomes of those that hang honest Men?* The Justice reply'd, *I'll send you to Prison; and if any Insurrection or Tumult be in the Land, I'll come and cut your Throat first with my own Sword; for I fear to sleep in my Bed, lest such Fanaticks should come and cut my Throat:* And, snatching up a Ball of Wax, he violently threw it at my Father; who avoided the Blow by stepping aside. Their Mittimus's were then made, and they were all sent to Prison.

The same Evening my Uncle Solliss, who was one of the Justices on the Bench, came to the Prison, and, calling for my Father, ask'd him if he was willing to have his Liberty to go home to his Wife and Family? *Upon what Terms Uncle?* said my Father.

Justice. Upon such Terms, that the Jailer open the Doors, and let you out.

John Roberts. *What! without entering into any Recognizance?*

Justice. Yes.

John Roberts. *Then I accept of my Liberty. But admire, Uncle, how thou and several others could sit upon the Bench as with your Thumbs in your Mouths, when you should speak a Word in behalf of the Innocent.*

Justice. You must learn to live under a Law, Cousin. And if you'll accept of your Liberty till next Sessions, you may have it: If not, stay where you are.

So they parted; and on the Morrow my Father went home, having also the Jailer's Leave.

In the Night a Concern came upon him, with such Weight, that it made him tremble 'till the Bed shook under him. My Mother asking the Reason of it, he answered:

ed: *The LORD requires hard Things of me: If it would please him, I had rather lay down my Life than obey him in what he requires at my Hands.* To which my Mother reply'd; 'If thou art fully perswaded the LORD requires it of thee, I would not have thee disobey him; for he will require nothing of us but what he will enable us to go thro': Therefore we have good Cause to trust in him.' On which he said, *I must go to this John Stephens, who is my great Enemy, and sent me to Prison, where he said he would secure me; and as my Uncle Sollis in Kindness has given me Leave to come home, I can expect no more Favour from him, if I now go and run myself into the Mouth of my Adversary. But I must go whatever I suffer.* He arose, and prepared for his Journey; but durst eat or drink nothing. When he mounted his Horse, the Command of the LORD was to him, *Remember Lot's Wife: Look not back.* So on he rode very chearfully 8 or 9 Miles, till he came within Sight of the Justice's House; and then he let in the Reasoner, who reasoned him out of all his Courage; presenting to his Mind, that his Uncle Sollis and his Neighbours would say, he had no Regard for his Wife and Family, thus to push himself into the Hands of his greatest Enemy. This brought such a Cloud over his Mind, that he alighted off his Horse, and sat down upon the Ground, to spread his Cause before the LORD. After he had waited some Time in Silence, the LORD appeared and dissipated the Cloud, and his Word was to him, *Go, and I will go with thee, and will give thee a threshing Instrument, and thou shalt thresh the Mountains.* Now he was exceedingly overcome with the Love of GOD: And I have often heard him say, he was filled like a Vessel that wanted Vent, and said in his Heart, *Thy Presence is enough,* proceeding to the House with great Satisfaction. It being pretty early in the Morning, and seeing the Stable Door open, he went to the Groom, and desir'd him to put up his Horse. While this was doing the Justice's Son and his Clerk came up, who roughly said, 'I thought you had been in Gloucester Castle.

John Roberts. *So I was.*

Clerk. And how came you out?

John Roberts. *When thou hast Authority to demand it, I can give thee an Answer. But my Business is with thy Master, if I may speak with him.*

Clerk. You may, if you'll promise to be civil.

John

John Roberts. *If thou seest me uncivil, I desire thee to tell me of it.*

They went in; and my Father following them, they bid him take a Turn in the Hall, and they would acquaint the Justice of his being there. He was soon called in; and my Father no sooner saw him, but he believed the LORD had been at work upon him: For, as he behav'd to him with the Fierceness of a Lion before, he now appeared like a Lamb, meeting him with a pleasant Countenance, and, taking him by the Hand, said, 'Friend Haywood, How do you do?' My Father answer'd, *Pretty well*; and then proceeded thus: 'I am come, in the Fear and Dread of Heaven, to warn thee to repent of thy Wickedness with Speed, lest the LORD cut the Thread of thy Life, and send thee to the Pit that is bottomless. I am come to warn thee, in great Love, whether thou wilt hear or forbear, and to preach the everlasting Gospel to thee.' The Justice reply'd, 'You are a welcome Messenger to me; that is what I have long desired to hear.' *The everlasting Gospel* (returned my Father) *is the same that GOD sent his Servant John to declare, when he saw an Angel fly thro' the midst of Heaven, saying with a loud Voice, 'Fear GOD, and give Glory to his Name, and worship Him who made Heaven and Earth, the Sea, and the Fountains of Water.'* The Justice then caused my Father to sit down by him on his Couch; and said, 'I believe your Message is of GOD, and I receive it as such. I am sorry I have done you Wrong: I will never wrong you more. I would pray you to forgive me, and to pray to GOD to forgive me.' After much more Discourse, he offered my Father the best Entertainment his House afforded; but my Father excus'd himself from eating or drinking with him at that Time, expressing his kind Acceptance of his Love; and so in much Love they parted.

The same Day *William Dewsberry* had appointed a Meeting at *Tedbury*; whither my Mother went. But she was so concerned on account of my Father's Exercise, that she could receive but little Benefit from the Meeting. After the Meeting was ended, *William Dewsberry* walk'd to and fro in a long Passage, groaning in Spirit; and by and by came up to my Mother, and, tho' she was a Stranger to him, he laid his Hand upon her Head, and said, 'Woman, thy Sorrow is great:

‘ great: I sorrow with thee.’ Then walking a little to and fro, as before, he came to her again, and said: ‘ Now the Time is come that those who marry must be as tho’ they marry’d not, and those who have Husbands as tho’ they had none; for the LORD calls for all to be offered up.’ By this she saw the LORD had given him a Sense of her great Burthen; for she had not discovered his Exercise to any: And it gave her such Ease in her Mind, that she went home, rejoicing in the LORD. She no sooner got home, but she found my Father return’d from *Lypeat*, where his Message was received in such Love as was far from their Expectation: The Sense of which, much broke them into Tears, in Consideration of the great Goodness of God, in so eminently making Way for, and helping them that Day.

At the next Sessions my Father and the Three *Friends* appeared in Court; where, as soon as Justice *Stephens* espy’d them, he call’d to my Father, and said, ‘ *John*, I accept your Appearance, and discharge you; and the Court discharges you. You may go about your Business.’ But my Father, thinking his Work not done, did not hasten out of Court. Upon which, the Clerk demanded his Fees. *What! dost mean Money?* says my Father. ‘ Yes: What do you think I mean? says the Clerk.’ My Father reply’d, *I don’t know that I owe any Man here any Thing but Love, and must I now purchase my Liberty with Money? I don’t accept it on such Terms.*

Clerk (to the Chairman.) An’t please Your Worship, *John* won’t pay the Fees of the Court.

John Roberts. *I don’t accept my Liberty on such Terms.*

Then he was ordered to Prison with the Three *Friends*. But in the Evening the Clerk discharged them, and ever after carried himself very kindly to my Father.

He was afterwards cast into Prison at *Cirencester*, by *George Bull*, Vicar of *Upper Siddington*, for Tythes. Where was confined at the same Time, upon the same Account, *Elizabeth Hewlings*, a Widow, of *Amney*, near *Cirencester*. She was a good Christian, and so good a Midwife that her Confinement was a Loss to that Side of the Country; insomuch, that Lady *Dunch*, of *Down-Amney*, thought it would be an Act of Charity to the Neighbourhood to purchase her Liberty, by paying the Priest’s Demand; which she did. She likewise came to *Cirencester* in a Coach, and sent

sent her Footman, *Alexander Cornwall*, to the Prison, to bring *Elizabeth* to her. And while *Elizabeth* was making ready to go with the Man, my Father and he fell into a little Discourse. He ask'd my Father his Name, and where his Home was; which when my Father had told him. 'What!' said he, are you that *John Haywood*, of *Siddington*, who keeps great Conventicles at your House. 'My Father answer'd, *The Church of CHRIST often meets at my House. I suppose I am the Man thou meanest.* 'I have often, reply'd *Cornwall*, heard my Lady speak of you; and I am sure she would gladly be acquainted with you.' When he returned to his Lady, he told her he had met with such a Man in the Prison as, he believed, she would not suffer to lie in Prison for Conscience-sake; informing her withal who it was. She immediately bid him go back and fetch him to her. Accordingly he came to Jail, and told my Father his Lady wanted to speak with him. My Father answered, *If any body would speak with me, they must come where I am; for I am a Prisoner.* 'Oh, said *Cornwall*, I'll get Leave of the Jailer for you to go. Which he did. And when they came before the Lady, she put on a majestic Air, to see how the Quaker would greet her. He went up towards her, and bluntly said, *Woman, would'st thou speak with me?*

Lady. What's your Name?

John Roberts. My Name is *John Roberts*; but I am commonly known by the Name of *John Haywood* in the Place where I live.

Lady. Where do you live?

John Roberts. At a Village called *Siddington*, about a Mile distant from this Town.

Lady. Are you the Man that keeps Conventicles at your House.

John Roberts. The Church of *CHRIST* do often meet at my House. I presume I am the Man thou meanst.

Lady. What do you lie in Prison for?

John Roberts. Because for Conscience-sake, I can't pay an Hireling Priest what he demands of me; therefore he, like the false Prophets of Old, prepares War against me, because I can't put into his Mouth.

Lady. By what I have heard of you, I took you to be a wise Man, and if you could not pay him yourself, you might let somebody else pay him for you.

John

John Roberts. *That would be under-hand-Dealing; and I had rather pay him myself than be such a Hypocrite.*

Lady. Then suppose some Neighbour or Friend should pay him for you, unknown to you, you would choose to not lie in Prison when you might have your Liberty.

John Roberts. *I am very well content where I am 'till it shall please God to make way for my Freedom.*

Lady. I have a Mind to set you at Liberty, that I may have some of your Company, which I cannot well have while you are in the Prison.

Then, speaking to her Man, she bid him go to the Priest's Attorney, and tell him she would satisfy him, and then pay the Jailer his Fees, and get a Horse for my Father to go to Down-Amney with her.

John Roberts. *If thou art a charitable Woman, as I take thee to be, there are abroad in the World many real Objects of Charity on whom to bestow thy Bounty: But to feed such Devourers as these I don't think to be Charity. They are like Pharaoh's lean Kine; they eat up the Fat and the Goodly, and look not a Whit the better.*

Lady. Well; I would have you get ready to go with us.

John Roberts. *I don't know thou art like to have me when thou hast bought and paid for me: For if I may have my Liberty, I shall think it my Place to be at home with my Wife and Family. But, if thou desirest it, I intend to come and see thee at Down-Amney some other Time.*

Lady. That will suit me better. But set your Time, and I'll lay aside all other Business to have your Company.

John Roberts. *If it pleases God to give me Life, Health, and Liberty, I intend to come on Seventh Day next; the Day thou callest Saturday.*

Lady. Is that as far as you use to promise?

John Roberts. *Yes.*

According to his Appointment, my Father went; and found her very inquisitive about the Things of God, and very attentive to the Truths he delivered. She engaged him likewise a second Time, and treated him with abundance of Regard. A third Time she bid her Man Cornwall go to him, and desire him to appoint a Day when he would pay her another Visit: And then order'd him to go to Priest Careless, of Cirencester, and desire him to come and take a Dinner with her at the same Time; and not let either of them know

know the other was to be there. On the Day appointed my Father went; and when he had got within Sight of her House he heard a Horse behind him, and looking back, he saw the Priest following him; which made him conclude the Lady had projected to bring them together. When the Priest came up to him, 'Well over-taken, *John*, said he: 'How far are you going this Way? My Father answered, *I believe we are both going to the same Place.* 'What, said 'Careless, are you going to the great House?' Yes, said my Father, 'Come on then, *John*, said he,' So then they went in together. And the Lady being ill in Bed, a Servant went up and informed her they were come. 'What! said she, did they come together?' Yes, answered the Servant. 'I admire at that, said she. But, do you 'beckon *John* out, and bring him to me first, up the Back-Stairs.' When my Father came up, she told him she had been very ill in a Fit of the Stone, and said, 'I have heard 'you have done Good in many Distempers.'

John Roberts. *I confess I have; but to this of the Stone I am a Stranger. Indeed I once knew a Man, who lived at Ease and fared delicately, as thou may'st do, and whilst he continued in that Practice he was much afflicted with that Distemper. But it pleased the LORD to visit him with the Knowledge of his blessed Truth, which brought him to a more regular and temperate Life, and this preserved him more free from it.*

Lady. Oh! I know what you aim at. You want to have me a Quaker. And I confess if I could be such a one as you are, I would be a Quaker To-morrow.—But I understand Mr. *Careless* is below; and tho' you are Men of different Persuasions, I account you both wise and godly Men, and some moderate Discourse of the Things of God between you, I believe, would do me Good.

John Roberts. *If he ask me any Questions, as the LORD shall enable me, I shall endeavour to give him an Answer.*

She then had the Parson up: And, after a Compliment or two, she said: I made bold to send for you, to take an ordinary Dinner with me, tho' I am disappointed of your Company by my Illness. But *John Haywood* and you, being Persons of different Persuasions (tho' I believe both good Christians), if you would soberly ask and answer each other a few Questions, it would divert me; so that I should be less sensible of the Pains I lie under.

Priest. An't please Your Ladyship, I see nothing in that.

Lady. Pray, Mr. Careless, ask *John* some Questions.

Priest. It will not edify Your Ladyship; for I have discoursed *John*, and several others of his Persuasion, divers Times, and I have read their Books, and all to no Purpose; for they sprung from the Papists, and hold the same Doctrine the Papists do. Let *John* deny it if he can.

John Roberts. I find thou art setting us out in very black Characters with Design to affright me; but therein thou wilt be mistaken. I advise thee to say no worse of us than thou canst make out, and then make us as black as thou canst. And if thou canst prove me a Papist in one Thing, with the Help of God I'll prove thee like them in ten. And this Woman, who lies here in Bed, shall be Judge.

Priest. The Quakers hold that damnable Doctrine, and dangerous Tenet, of Perfection in this Life; and so do the Papists. If you go about to deny it, *John*, I can prove you hold it.

John Roberts. I doubt thou art now going about to bely the Papists behind their Backs, as thou hast heretofore done by us. For, by what I have learnt of their Principles, they do not believe a State of Freedom from Sin, and Acceptance with God, possible on this Side the Grave! and therefore they have imagined to themselves a Place of Purgation after Death. But whether they believe such a State attainable or no, I do.

Priest. An't please Your Ladyship, *John* has confess'd enough out of his own Mouth; for that is a damnable Doctrine and dangerous Tenet.

John Roberts. I would ask thee one Question: Dost thou own a Purgatory?

Priest. No.

John Roberts. Then the Papist, in this Case, are wiser than thee. They own the Saying of CHRIST, who told the unbelieving Jews, if they dy'd in their Sins, whither he went they could not come. But, by thy Discourse, thou and thy Followers must needs go headlong to Destruction; since thou neither ownest a Place of Purgation after Death, nor such a Preparation for Heaven to be possible in this Life, as is absolutely necessary. The Scripture thou know'st tells us, where Death leaves us, Judgment will find us. If a Tree falls towards the North or South, there it must lye. And since no unclean Thing can enter the Kingdom of Heaven, pray tell this poor
Woman

Woman, whom thou hast been preaching to for thy Belly, whether ever, or never, she must expect to be freed from her Sins, and made fit for the Kingdom of Heaven; or whether the Blind must lead the Blind 'till both fall into the Ditch.

Priest. 'No, John, you mistake me: I believe that God Almighty is able of his great Mercy to forgive Persons their Sins, and fit them for Heaven, a little before they depart this Life.'

John Roberts. *I believe the same. But, if thou wilt limit the Holy One of Israel, how long wilt thou give the Lord Leave to fit a Person for his glorious Kingdom?*

Priest. 'It may be an Hour or two.'

John Roberts. *My Faith is a Day or two, as well as an Hour or two.*

Priest. 'I believe so too.'

John Roberts. *Or a Week or two.* And my Father carried it to a Month or two; and so gradually 'till he brought it to seven Years, the Priest confessing he believed the same. On which my Father thus proceeded: 'How could'st thou accuse me of Popery, in holding this Doctrine, which thou thyself hast confess'd too? If I am like a Papist, thou art, by thy own Confession, as like a Papist as I am. And if it be a damnable Doctrine and dangerous Tenet in the Quakers, is it not the same in thyself? Thou told'st me I mistook thee; but hast not thou mistaken thyself in condemning thy own acknowledg'd Opinion when uttered by me? But notwithstanding thou hast fail'd in making me out to be a Papist in this Particular, can'st thou do it in any Thing else?' Upon this the Priest being mute, my Father thus proceeded: 'Well! tho' thou hast fail'd in proving me like them, it need not hinder me from shewing thee to be so in many Things. For Instance, you build Houses and consecrate them, calling them Churches, as do the Papists. You hang Bells in 'em, and consecrate 'em, calling them by the Names of Saints; so do they. The Pope and Priests of the *Romish* Church wear Surplices, Gowns, Cassocks, &c. calling them their Ornaments; here thou hast the like; and do'st not thou stile them thy Ornaments? You consecrate the Ground where you interr your Dead, calling it holy Ground; so do they. In short, thou art like a Papist in so many Things, he had need to be a wise Man to distinguish betwixt them and thee.

At this, the Priest appear'd uneasy, and said to the Lady, ' Madam, I must beg your Excuse; for there's to be a Lecture this Afternoon, and I must be there.' She press'd him to stay to Dinner, but he earnestly desir'd to be excus'd. So a Slice or two being cut off the Spit, he eat and took his Leave.

The Lady then said to my Father, had she not seen it, she could not have believed Mr. *Careless* could have been so soill'd in Discourse by any Man: For, said she, I accounted him as sound and orthodox a Divine as any was; but now I must tell you, I am so far of your Opinion, that if you'll let me know when you have a Meeting at your House, and somebody to preach (not a silent Meeting) I'll come and hear 'em myself. My Father answer'd, he expected she would be as good as her Word. Not long after came two *Friends* to my Father's House; and tho' the Weather was very severe, he found he could not be easy without acquainting her with it. So he went to her House; but she seem'd a little surpriz'd, saying, 'What's your Will now, *John*? He inform'd her of the two *Friends*, and their Intention of having a Meeting at his House. 'How can you expect, said she, I should go out such Weather as this? You know I seldom stir out of my Chamber; and to go so far may endanger my Health.' My Father returned, 'I would not have thee make Excuses, as some of Old did, and were not found worthy. Thou know'st Time is none of ours, and we know not whether we may have the like Opportunity again. The Snow need not much incommode thee: Thou may'st be quickly in thy Coach, and, putting up the Glasses, may be pretty warm; and when thou com'st to my House, I know my Wife will do her best for thee.' So she order'd her Coach and Six to be got ready, (for the Distance was seven Miles) saying, '*John*'s like Death, he'll not be deny'd.' My Father came along with her; and, during the Time of Silence in the Meeting, she appear'd something restless; but was very attentive whilst either of the *Friends* were speaking. She was very well pleas'd after the Meeting, and sat at Table with the *Friends*. While the rest sat silent, she would be frequently whispering to my Mother, 'till one of 'em spake a few Words before Meat. She was asham'd, and told my Mother, When she was among the Great, she was accounted a wise Woman; but now (said she) I am among you *Quakers*,
I am

I am a very Fool. Presently after Dinner she return'd home, and came several Times to the Meeting afterwards; and I am fully perswaded she was convinced of the *Truth*; but, going up to *London*, she was there taken ill and died.

Her Man, *Alexander Cornwall*, was convinced of the Truth, and was afterwards a Prisoner with my Father in *Gloucester Castle*; where the Jailer was very cruel to 'em, sometimes putting them into the common Jail among Felons, and other Times he would hire a Tinker (who lay for his Fees) to trouble them in the Night by playing on his Hautboy. One Time in particular my Father being concerned to speak to him in the Dread and Power of God, it struck him to such a Degree, that he dropp'd the Instrument out of his Hand, and would never take it into his Hand upon that Occasion any more. When the Jailer ask'd him why he discontinued it, he answered, 'They are the Servants of the Living God, and I'll never play more to disturb them, if you hang me up at the Door for it.' "What! said the Jailer, are you bewitch'd too? I'll turn you out of the Castle." Which he did; and the *Friends* who were there Prisoners rais'd him some Money, cloath'd him, and away he went.

Some Time after my Father had three Conferences with ——— *Nicholson*, Bishop of *Gloucester*, introduced in the following Manner. An Apparitor came to cite my Father to Appear at the Bishop's Court: But he told my Father he could not encourage him to come, lest they should ensnare him, and send him to Prison. At the same Time he cited a Servant of my Father's, named *John Overall*. My Father went at the Time appointed, without his Servant: And when his Name was called over he answered to it. The Discourse that occur'd was in Substance as follows:—

Bishop. What's your Name?

John Roberts. *I have been called by my Name, and answered to it.*

Bishop. I desire to hear it again.

John Roberts. *My Name is John Roberts.*

Bishop. Well; you were born *Roberts*; but you were not born *John*. Pray who gave you that Name?

John Roberts. *Thou hast ask'd me a very hard Question, my Name being given me before I was capable of remembering who gave it me. But I believe it was my Parents, they being the only Persons who had a Right to give me my Name. That*

Name they always call'd me by, and to that Name I always answered; and I believe none need to call it in question now.

Bishop. No, no; but how many Children have you?

John Roberts. *It hath pleased God to give me six Children; Three of whom he was pleased to take from me; the other Three are still living.*

Bishop. And how many of them have been bishop'd?

John Roberts. *None that I know of.*

Bishop. What Reason can you give for that?

John Roberts. *A very good one, I think: Most of my Children were born in Oliver's Days, when Bishops were out of Fashion. [At this the Court fell a laughing.]*

Bishop. But how many of them have been baptiz'd?

John Roberts. *What dost thou mean by that?*

Bishop. What! don't you own Baptism?

John Roberts. *Yes; but perhaps we may differ in that Point.*

Bishop. What Baptism do you own? That of the Spirit, I suppose.

John Roberts. *Yes. What other Baptism should I own?*

Bishop. Do you own but one Baptism?

John Roberts. *If one be enough, what needs any more? The Apostle said, One LORD, one Faith, one Baptism.*

Bishop. What say you of the Baptism of Water?

John Roberts. *I say, there was a Man sent from God, whose name was John, who had a real Commission for it; and he was the only Man that I read of who was empower'd for that Work.*

Bishop. But what if I make it appear to you, that some of CHRIST's Disciples themselves baptiz'd with Water, after CHRIST's Ascension?

John Roberts. *I suppose that's no very difficult Task; but what is that to me?*

Bishop. Is it nothing to you what CHRIST's Disciples themselves did?

John Roberts. *Not in every Thing; for Paul, that eminent Apostle, who I suppose thou wilt grant had as extensive a Commission as any of the rest of the Apostles; nay, he says himself, he was not a whit behind the Chiefest of them, and yet he honestly confesses he had no Commission to baptize with Water; and further says, I thank God I baptiz'd none but such and such; for, says he, I was not sent to baptize, (i. e. with Water)*

Water) but to preach the Gospel. *And if he was not sent, I would soberly ask who required it at his Hands? Perhaps he might have as little Thanks for his Labour as thou mayst have for thine; and I would willingly know who sent thee to baptize.*

Bishop. This is not our present Business. You are here return'd for not coming to Church. What say you to that?

John Roberts. I desire to see my Accusers.

Bishop. It is the Minister and Church-Wardens. Do you deny it?

John Roberts. Yes I do: For it is always my Principle and Practice to go to Church.

Bishop. And do you go to Church?

John Roberts. Yes; and sometimes the Church comes to me.

Bishop. The Church comes to you? I don't understand you, Friend.

John Roberts. It may be so: 'Tis often for Want of a good Understanding that the Innocent are made to suffer.

Apparitor. My Lord, he keeps Meetings at his House, and he calls that a Church.

John Roberts. No; I no more believe my House to be a Church than I believe what you call so to be one. I call the People of God the Church of God, wheresoever they are met to worship him in Spirit and in Truth. And when I say the Church comes to me, I mean the Assembly of such Worshipers, who frequently meet at my House. I do not call that a Church which you do, which is made of Wood and Stone; That is but the Workmanship of Mens Hands; whereas the true Church consists of living Stones, and is built up by CHRIST, a spiritual House, to GOD.

Bishop. We call it a Church figuratively, meaning the Place where the Church meets.

John Roberts. I fear you call it a Church hypocritically and deceitfully, with Design to awe the People into a Veneration for the Place, which is not due to it, as tho' your Consecrations had made that House holier than others.

Bishop. What do you call that which we call a Church?

John Roberts. It may properly enough be call'd a Mass-house, it being formerly built for that Purpose.

Apparitor. Mr. Haywood, it is expected you should shew more Respect than you do in this Place in keeping on your Hat.

John Roberts. Who expects it.

Apparitor.

Apparitor. My Lord Bishop.

John Roberts. *I expect better Things from him.*

Bishop. No, no; keep on your Hat: I don't expect it from you. A little after, the Bishop said: Well Friend; This is not a convenient Time for you and I to dispute; but I may take you to my Chamber, and convince you of your Errors.

John Roberts. *I should take it kindly of Thee, or any Man else, to convince me of any Errors that I hold; and would hold them no longer.*

Bishop. Call some others.—Then my Father's Man was call'd; who not appearing, the Apparitor said, Mr. Haywood, is John Overall here?

John Roberts. *I believe not.*

Bishop. What's the Reason he is not here?

John Roberts. *I think there are very good Reasons for his Absence.*

Bishop. What are they? Mayn't I know?

John Roberts. *In the first Place, He is an Old Man, and not of Ability to undertake such a Journey, except it was upon a very good Account. In the second Place, he is my Servant; And I can't spare him out of my Business in my Absence.*

Bishop. Why does he not go to Church then?

John Roberts. *He does go to Church with Me.—At this the Court fell a laughing.*

Bishop. Call somebody else.—Then a Baptist Preacher was call'd, who seeing the Bishop's Civility to my Father, in suffering him to keep on his Hat, thought to take the same Liberty. At whom the Bishop put on a stern Countenance and said, 'Don't you know this is the King's Court, and that I sit here to represent His Majesty's Person? And do you come here in an uncivil and irreverent Manner, in Contempt of His Majesty and this Court, with your Hat on? I confess there are some Men in the World who make a Conscience of putting off their Hats, to whom we ought to have some Regard. But for you, who can put it off to every Mechanick you meet, to come here, in Contempt of Authority, with it on, I'll assure you, Friend, you shall speed never the better for it.'—I heard my Father say, these Words came so honestly from the Bishop, that it did him good to hear him.—The Baptist then taking off his Hat, said, *An't please you, my LORD, I han't been well in my Head.*

Bishop.

Bishop. Why, you have got a Cap on; nay, you have Two Caps on. [He had a black one over a white one.] What is your Reason for denying your Children that holy Ordinance of *Baptism*?

Baptist. An't please you, my Lord, I am not well satisfied about it.

Bishop. What's the Ground of your Dissatisfaction? Did you ever see a Book I publish'd, intitl'd, *The Order of Baptism*?

Baptist. No, my Lord.

Bishop. I thought so. Then telling him how and where he might get it, he gave him a Space of Time to peruse it in; and told him, if that would not satisfy him, to come to him, and he would give him full Satisfaction.—— Some Time after the Bishop sent his Bailiff to take my Father: But he was then gone to *Bristol* with *George Fox*. The Officers came several Times and search'd the House for him, pretending they only wanted him for a small Trespas, which would soon be made up, if they could see him. My Mother answer'd, she didn't believe any Neighbour he had would trouble him upon such an Account; for if by Chance any of his Cattle trespass'd upon any, he would readily make 'em Satisfaction, without further Trouble. Which they very well knew. However, she always treated them civilly, and frequently set Meat and Drink before 'em. My Father staying away longer than was expected, they imagin'd he absconded for Fear of 'em; and therefore offer'd my Mother, if she would give them Twenty Shillings, to let him come home for a Month. But she told 'em, she knew of no Wrong he had done to any Man, and therefore would give 'em no Money; for that would imply a Consciousness of Guilt. But, said she, *if my Enemy hunger I can feed him, and if he thirst, I can give him Drink.* Upon this they flew into a Rage, and said they would have him if he were above Ground; for none could pardon him but the King.——My Father returning homewards through *Tedbury*, was there inform'd that the Bailiffs had been about his House almost ever since he went from home. He therefore contriv'd to come home after Day-light. When he came into his own Grounds, the Moon shining bright, he spy'd the Shadow of a Man, and ask'd, *Who's there?* 'T's I, says the Man.

John

John Roberts. *Who ?* Sam. Stubbs ?

Sam. Stubbs. Yes, Master.

John Roberts. *Hast thou any Thing against me ?* [He was a Bailiff.]

S. Stubbs. No, Master : I might ; but I would not meddle : I have wrong'd you enough already : God forgive me. But those who now lay in Wait for you are the *Paytons*, my Lord Bishop's Bailiffs. I would not have you fall into their Hands, for they are merciless Rogues. I would have you, Master, take my Counsel : Ever while you live please a Knave ; for an honest Man won't hurt you. My Father came home, and desired us not to let the Bailiffs in upon him that Night, that he might have an Opportunity of taking Counsel on his Pillow. In the Morning he told my Mother what he had seen that Night in a Vision. I thought, said he, I was walking in a fine pleasant, green Way, but it was narrow, and had a Wall on each Side of it. In my Way lay something like a Bear, but more dreadful. The Sight of it put me to a Stand. A Man, seeing me surpris'd, came to me with a smiling Countenance, and said, *Why art afraid, Friend ? It is chain'd, and can't hurt thee.* I thought I made Answer, *The Way is so narrow, I can't pass by but it may reach me.*—*Don't be afraid,* says the Man, *it can't hurt thee.*—I saw he spake in great Good-will, and thought his Face shone like the Face of an Angel. Upon which I took Courage, and, stepping forward, laid my Hand upon his Head.—The Construction he made of this to my Mother was : *Truth is a narrow Way ; and this Bishop lies in my Way : I must go to him, whatever I suffer.* So he arose, set forward, and call'd upon *Amariab Drewett*, a Friend of *Cirencester*, to accompany him. When they came to the Bishop's House, (at *Cleave near Gloucester*) they found a Butcher's Wife of *Cirencester*, who was come to interceed for her Husband, who was put into the Bishop's Court for killing Meat on *First Days*. Two young Sparks of the Bishop's Attendants, were asking her if she knew *John Haywood* ? She answer'd, *Yes, very well.* What is he for a Man ? said they. ' A very good Man, said she, setting aside his Religion : But ' I have nothing to say to that. One of them said he'd give five Shillings to see him ; the other offer'd Eight. Upon which my Father stepp'd up to 'em ; but they said not one Word

Word to him. One of them presently inform'd the Bishop he was come. Whereupon the Bishop dismiss'd his Company, and had him up Stairs. My Father found him seated in his Chair, with his Hat under his Arm, assuming a Majestic Air. My Father stood silent a while; and seeing the Bishop didn't begin with him, he approach'd nearer, and thus accosted him: *Old man, my Business is with thee.*

Bishop. What is your Business with me?

John Roberts. ' I have heard thou hast sent out thy Bailiffs to take me: But I rather chose to come myself, to know what Wrong I have done thee; If it appear I have done thee any, I am ready to make thee Satisfaction; But if, upon Enquiry, I appear to be innocent, I desire thee, for thy own Soul's sake, thou dost not injure me.

Bishop. You are misinformed, Friend; I am not your Adversary.

John Roberts. *Then I desire thee to tell me who is my Adversary, that I may go and agree with him while I am in the Way.*

Bishop. The King is your Adversary. The King's Laws you have broken: And to the King you shall answer; that's more.

John Roberts. ' Our Subjection to Laws is either active or passive. So that if a Man can't, for Conscience sake, do the Thing the Law requires, but passively suffers what the Law inflicts, the Law, I conceive, is as fully answer'd as if he had actually obey'd.

Bishop. You are wrong in that too; For, suppose a Man steal an Ox, and be taken and hang'd for the Fact, what Restitution is that to the Owner?

John Roberts. ' None at all. But tho' it is no Restitution to the Owner, yet the Law is fully satisfy'd. Tho' the Owner be a Loser, the Criminal has suffered the Punishment the Law inflicts, as an Equivalent for the Crime committed. But thou may'st see the Corruptness of such Laws, which put the Life of a Man upon a Level with the Life of a Beast.

Bp. What! Do such Men as you find fault with the Laws?

John Roberts. ' Yes: And I'll tell thee plainly, 'tis high Time wiser Men were chosen, to make better Laws. For if this Thief was taken and sold, for a proper Term,
' according

‘ according to the Law of *Moses*, and the Owner had four
 ‘ Oxen for his Ox, and four Sheep for his Sheep, he
 ‘ would be satisfied, and the Man’s Life preserved, that he
 ‘ might repent, and amend his Ways.—But I hope thou
 ‘ dost not accuse me of having stole any Man’s Ox or As.

Bishop. No, no; God forbid!

John Roberts. *Then, if thou pleasest to give me Leave,
 I’ll state a Case more parallel to the Matter in Hand.*

Bishop. You may.

John Roberts. ‘ There lived in Days past *Nebuchadnezzar*,
 ‘ King of *Babylon*, who set up an Image, and made a
 ‘ Decree, that all who would not bow down to it should be
 ‘ cast the same Hour into a burning firey Furnace. There
 ‘ were then three young Men, who served the same God
 ‘ that I do now, and these durst not bow down to it; but
 ‘ passively submitted their Bodies to the Flames. Was not
 ‘ that a sufficient Satisfaction to the unjust Decree of the
 ‘ King?’

Bishop. Yes: God forbid else!—For that was to wor-
 ship the Workmanship of Men’s Hands; which is Idolatry.

John Roberts. *Is that thy Judgment, that to worship the
 Workmanship of Men’s Hands is Idolatry?*

Bishop. Yes certainly.

John Roberts. *Then give me Leave to ask thee by whose
 Hands the Common-Prayer-Book was made. I am sure it was
 made by somebody’s Hands, for it could not make itself?*

Bishop. Do you compare our Common-Prayer-Book to
Nebuchadnezzar’s Image.

John Roberts. ‘ Yes, I do: That was his Image, and
 ‘ this is thine. And be it known unto thee, I speak it in the
 ‘ Dread of the God of Heaven, I no more dare bow to
 ‘ thy Common-Prayer-Book than the three Children to
 ‘ *Nebuchadnezzar’s* Image.’

Bishop. Yours is a strange upstart Religion, of a very
 few Years standing, and you are grown so confident in it,
 that there is no beating you out of it.

John Roberts. ‘ Out of my Religion? God forbid!
 ‘ was a long Time seeking Acquaintance with the Living
 ‘ God amongst the dead Forms of Worship, and enquiring
 ‘ after the right Way and Worship of God, before I could
 ‘ find it; and now, I hope, neither thou nor any Man liv-
 ‘ ing shall be able to persuade me out of it. But tho’ thou
 ‘ an

* art an ancient Man and a Bishop, I find thou art very ignorant of the Rise and Antiquity of our Religion.

Bishop. [Smiling.] Do you Quakers pretend *Antiquity* for your Religion?

John Roberts. * Yes; and I don't question but, with the Help of God, I can make it appear, that our Religion was many hundred Years before thine was thought of.

Bishop. You see I have given you Liberty of Discourse, and have not sought to enslave you in your Words; but if you can make the Quakers Religion appear to be many Hundred Years older than mine you'll speed the better.

John Roberts. * If I do not, I seek no Favour at thy Hands; and, in order to it, I hope thou'lt give me Liberty to ask a few sober Questions.

Bishop. You may.

John Roberts. * Then first I would ask thee, where was thy Religion in *Oliver's* Days? The Common-Prayer-Book was then become (even among the Clergy) like an old Almanack, very few regarding it in our Country. There were Two or Three Priests indeed, who stood honestly to their Principles, and suffer'd pretty much; but the far greater Number turn'd with the Tide: And we have Reason to believe, that if *Oliver* would have put Mafs into their Mouths, they would have conform'd even to that for their Bellies.

Bishop. What wou'd you have us do? Wou'd you have had *Oliver* cut our Throats?

John Roberts. * No, by no Means. But what Religion was that you were afraid to venture your Throats for? Be it known to thee, I ventur'd my Throat for my Religion in *Oliver's* Days, as I do now.

Bishop. And I must tell you, tho' in *Oliver's* Days I did not dare to own it as I do now, yet I never own'd any other Religion.

John Roberts. * Then I suppose thou mad'st a Conscience of it, and I should abundantly rather chuse to fall into such a Man's Hands, than into the Hands of one who makes no Conscience towards God, but will conform to any Thing for his Belly. But if thou did'st not think thy Religion worth venturing thy Throat for in *Oliver's* Days, I desire thee to consider it is not worth cutting other Mens Throats now for not conforming to it.

Bishop. You say right: I hope we shall have a Care how we cut Mens Throats. [Several others were now come into the Room.] But you know the Common-Prayer-Book was before *Oliver's* Days.

John Roberts. ' Yes: I have a great deal of Reason to know that; for I was bred up under a Common-Prayer Priest, and a poor drunken Old Man he was: Sometimes he was so drunk he could not say his Prayers, and at best he could but say 'em; tho' I think he was by far a better Man than he that is Priest there now.

Bishop. Who is your Minister now?

John Roberts. *My Minister is CHRIST JESUS, the Minister of the everlasting Covenant; but the present Priest of the Parish is George Bull.*

Bishop. Do you say that drunken Old Man was better than Mr. Bull? I tell you, I account Mr. Bull as sound, able, and orthodox a Divine as any we have among us.

John Roberts. ' I am sorry for that; for if he be one of the best of you, I believe the LORD will not suffer you long: For he is a proud, ambitious, ungodly Man; he hath often sued me at Law, and brought his Servants to swear against me wrongfully. His Servants themselves have confes'd to my Servants, that I might have their Ears; for their Master made 'em drunk, and then told 'em they were set down in the List as Witnesses against me, and they must swear to it: And so they did, and brought treble Damages. They likewise own'd they took Tythes from my Servant, thresh'd 'em out, and sold 'em for their Master. They have also several Times took my Cattle out of my Grounds, drove 'em to Fairs and Markets and sold them without giving me any Account.'

Bishop. I do assure you I will inform Mr. Bull of what you say.

John Roberts. ' Very well. And if thou pleasest to send for me to face him, I shall make much more appear to his Face than I'll say behind his Back.

Bishop. But I remember you said you could make it appear that your Religion was long before mine; and that is what I want to hear you make out.

John Roberts. ' Our Religion as thou may'st read in the Scripture (*John iv.*) was set up by CHRIST himself, be-
twixt Sixteen and Seventeen Hundred Years ago; and He
' had

had full Power to establish the true Religion in his Church; when he told the Woman of Samaria, that neither at that Mountain nor yet at Jerusalem, was the Place of true Worship. They worshipped they knew not what. For, said he, GOD is a SPIRIT, and they that worship him must worship him in SPIRIT and in TRUTH. This is our Religion, and hath ever been the Religion of all those who have worshipp'd GOD acceptably thro' the several Ages since down to this Time; and will be the Religion of the true spiritual Worshippers of GOD to the World's End; a Religion perform'd by the Assistance of the Spirit of GOD, because GOD is a Spirit; a Religion establish'd by CHRIST himself before the Mass-Book, Service-Book, or Directory, or any of those Inventions and Traditions of Men; which in the Night of Apostacy were set up.

Bishop. Are all the Quakers of the same Opinion?

John Roberts. Yes they are. If any bold Doctrines contrary to that taught by our SAVIOUR to the Woman of Samaria, they are not of us.

Bishop. Do you own the Trinity?

John Roberts. I don't remember such a Word in the Holy Scriptures.

Bishop. Do you own three Persons?

John Roberts. I believe, according to the Scripture, that there are Three that bear Record in Heaven, and that these Three are One: Thou may'st make as many Persons of them as thou canst. But I would soberly ask thee, since the Scriptures say the Heaven of Heavens cannot contain him, and that he is incomprehensible, by what Person or Likeness canst thou comprehend the Almighty?

Bishop. Yours is the strangest of all Persuasions: For tho' there are many Sects [which he named] and tho' they and we differ in some Circumstances, yet in Fundamentals we agree as one. But I observe you, of all others, strike at the very Root and Basis of our Religion.

John Roberts. Art thou sensible of that?

Bishop. Yes I am.

John Roberts. I am glad of that; for the Root is the Rottenness, and Truth strikes at the very Foundation thereof. That little Stone which Daniel saw cut out of the Mountain without Hands will overturn all in God's due Time, when you have done all you can to support it.

• But, as to those others thou mention'st, there is so little
 • Difference between you, that wise Men wonder why you
 • differ at all; only we read, *the Beast had many Heads, and*
 • *many Horns, which push against each other.* And yet I am
 • fully persuaded, there are many in this Day true spiritual
 • Worshipers in all Persuasions.

Bishop. But you will not give us the same Liberty you
 give a common Mechanick to call our Tools by the same
 Names.

John Roberts. *I desire thee to explain thyself.*

Bishop. Why, you will give a Carpenter Leave to call
 his Gimlet a Gimlet, and his Gouge a Gouge; but you call
 our Church a Mass-house.

John Roberts. *I wish you were half so honest Men as Car-*
penters.

Bishop. Why do you upbraid us!

• *John Roberts.* 'I would not upbraid you; but I'll en-
 • deavour to shew thee wherein you fall short of Carpenters.
 • Suppose I have a Son intended to learn the Trade of a Car-
 • penter; I indent with an honest Man of that Calling, in Con-
 • sideration of so much Money, to teach my Son his Trade
 • in such a Term of Years; at the End of which Term my
 • Son may be as good, or perhaps a better Workman than
 • his Master, and he shall be at Liberty from him to follow
 • the Business for himself. Now, will you be so honest as
 • this Carpenter? You are Men who pretend to know more
 • of Light, Life, and Salvation, and Things pertaining to
 • the Kingdom of Heaven, than we do. I would ask in
 • how long a Time you would undertake to teach us as
 • much as you know, and what shall we give you, that we
 • may be once free from our Masters? But here you keep us
 • always learning that we may be always paying you.
 • Plainly 'tis a very Cheat. What! always learning and
 • never able to come to the Knowledge of God! Mi-
 • serable Sinners you found us, and miserable Sinners you
 • leave us!

Bishop. Are you against Confession?

• *John Roberts.* 'No. For I believe those who confess
 • and forsake their Sins shall find Mercy at the Hand of
 • God; but those who persist in them shall be punish'd. But
 • if ever you intend to be better, you must throw away your
 • old Book and get a new one, or turn over a new Leaf;
 • for,

‘ for, if you keep on in your old Lesson, you must always
 ‘ be doing what you ought not, and leaving undone what
 ‘ ye ought to do; and you can never do worse. I believe,
 ‘ in my Heart, you mock God.

Bishop. How, dare you say——?

John Roberts. ‘ I’ll state the Case, and thou shalt judge.
 ‘ Suppose thou had’st a Son, and thou should’st daily let him
 ‘ know what thou would’st have him do, and he should,
 ‘ Day by Day, Week by Week, and Year after Year, pro-
 ‘ voke thee to thy Face, and say, Father, I have not done
 ‘ what thou commandest me to do; but have done quite
 ‘ the contrary; and continue to provoke thee to thy Face in
 ‘ this Manner once or oftner every Week, would’st thou
 ‘ not think him a rebellious Child, and that his Application
 ‘ to thee was meer Mockery, and would it not occasion thee
 ‘ to disinherit him?’ After some more Discourse, my Father
 told him Time was far spent; and said he, ‘ If nothing will
 ‘ serve thee but my Body in a Prison, here it is in thy Power;
 ‘ and if thou commandest me to deliver myself up, either to
 ‘ the Sheriff, or to the Jailer of *Gloucester* Castle, as thy
 ‘ Prisoner, I will go, and seek no other Judge, Advocate,
 ‘ or Attorney, to plead my Cause, but the Great Judge of
 ‘ Heaven and Earth, who knows I have nothing but Love
 ‘ and Goodwill in my Heart to thee and all Mankind.

Bishop. No; you shall go home about your Business.

John Roberts. ‘ Then I desire thee for the future not to
 ‘ trouble thyself to send any more Bailiffs after me; for if
 ‘ thou pleasest at any Time to let me know, by a Line or
 ‘ two, that thou would’st speak with me, tho’ it be to send
 ‘ me to Prison, if I am well and able, I’ll come.’

The Bishop then call’d for something to drink; but my
 Father acknowledged his Kindness, and excused himself from
 drinking. And the Bishop being called out of the Room,
 one *Cuthbert*, who took Offence at my Father’s Freedom
 with the Bishop, said, ‘ *Haywood*, you’re afraid of nothing;
 ‘ I never met with such a Man in my Life. I’m afraid of
 ‘ my Life, lest such Fanaticks as you should cut my Throat
 ‘ as I sleep.

John Roberts. *I don’t wonder that thou art afraid.*

Cuthbert. Why should I be afraid any more than you?

John Roberts. ‘ Because I am under the Protection of
 ‘ Him who numbereth the very Hairs of my Head, and

without whose Providence a Sparrow shall not fall to the Ground; but thou hast *Cain's Mark* of Envy on thy Forehead, and like him art afraid whoever meets thee should kill thee.

Cuthbert [in a great Rage]. If all the Quakers in England are not hang'd in a Month's Time, I'll be hang'd for 'em.

John Roberts [smiling]. *Prithee, Friend, remember, and be as good as thy Word.*

My Father and his Friend *Amariah Drewet* then took their Leave, and returned home with the Answer of Peace in their Bosoms.

Some Time after this, the Bishop and the Chancellor in their Coaches, accompanied with *Tho. Masters, Esq;* in his Coach, and about twenty Clergymen on Horseback, made my Father's House in their Way to the Visitation, which was to be at *Tedbury* the next Day. They stopped at the Gate, and *George Evans*, the Bishop's Kinsman, rode into the Yard to call my Father; who coming to the Bishop's Coach Side, he put out his Hand, (which my Father respectfully took) saying, 'I could not well go out of the County without seeing you.' *That's very kind*, said my Father: *Wilt thou please to alight and come in, with these who are along with thee?*

Bishop. I thank you, *John*; we are going to *Tedbury*, and Time will not admit of it now; but I will drink with you, if you please.

My Father went in, and order'd some Drink to be brought, and then return'd to the Coach Side.

Geo. Evans. *John*, is your House free to entertain such Men as we are?

John Roberts. Yes, *George*; I entertain honest Men, and sometimes others.

Geo. Evans [to the Bishop]. My Lord, *John's Friends* are the honest Men, and we are the others.

John Roberts. *That's not fair, George, for thee to put thy Construction upon my Words: Thou should'st have given me Leave to do that.*

Squire Masters came out of his Coach, and stood by the Bishop's Coach Side; and the Chancellor, in a diverting Humour, said to my Father, 'My Lord and these Gentlemen have been to see your Burying-Ground, and
' we

‘ we think you keep it very decent.’ [This Piece of Ground my Father had given to *Friends* for that Purpose; it lay at the lower End of his Orchard.] My Father answered, *Yes; tho’ we are against Pride, we think it commendable to be decent.*

Chancellor. But there is one Thing among you, which I did not expect to see; I think it looks a little superstitious; I mean those Grave-stones which are placed at the Head and Feet of your Graves.

John Roberts. ‘ That I confess is what I cannot much plead for; but it was permitted to gratify some who had their Relations there interred. We, notwithstanding, propose to have them taken up e’er long, and converted to some better Use. But I desire thee to take Notice, we had it from among you, and I have observed in many Things wherein we have taken you for our Pattern you have led us wrong; and therefore we are now resolved, with the Help of God, not to follow you one Step further.

At this the Bishop smil’d, and said, *John*, I think your Beer is long a coming.

John Roberts. *I suppose my Wife is willing thou shoul’st have the best, and therefore stays to broach a fresh Vessel.*

Bishop. Nay, if it be for the best, we’ll stay.

Presently my Mother brought the Drink, and when the Bishop had drank, he said, I commend you, *John*, you keep a Cup of good Beer in your House. I have not drank any that has pleased me better since I came from home. The Chancellor drank next; and the Cup coming round again to my Father’s Hand, ‘Squire Masters said to him, Now, old School-fellow, I hope you’ll drink to me.

John Roberts. *Thou know’st it is not my Practice to drink to any Man; if it was, I wou’d as soon drink to thee as another, as being my old Acquaintance and School-fellow; but if thou art pleased to drink, thou art very welcome.*

The ‘Squire then taking the Cup into his Hand, said, Now, *John*, before my Lord and all those Gentlemen, tell me what Ceremony or Compliment do you Quakers use when you drink to one another.

John Roberts. *None at all. For me to drink to another, and drink the Liquor, is at best but a Compliment, and that borders much on a Lye.*

‘Squire Masters. What do you do then?

John Roberts. *Why, if I have a Mind to drink, I take the Cup and drink; and if my Friend pleases he does the same; if not, he may let it alone.*

'Squire Masters. Honest *John*, give me thy Hand, Here's to thee with all my Heart; and, according to thy own Compliment, if thou wilt drink thou may'st, if not thou may'st let it alone.

My Father then offering the Cup to Priest *Bull*, he refus'd it, saying it was full of Hops and Heresy. To which my Father reply'd, 'As for Hops, I cannot say much, not being at the Brewing of it; but as for Heresy, I do assure thee, Neighbour *Bull*, there's none in my Beer; and if thou pleasest to drink thou art welcome; but if not, I desire thee to take Notice, as good as thou wilt, and those are as well able to judge of Heresy. Here thy Lord Bishop hath drank of it, and commends it; he finds no Heresy in the Cup.'

Bishop. [leaning over the Coach Door, and whispering to my Father, said] *John*, I advise you to take care you don't offend against the Higher Powers. I have heard great Complaints against you, that *You* are the Ringleader of the Quakers in this Country; and that if you are not suppress'd all will signify nothing. Therefore, pray *John*, take care for the future you don't offend any more.

John Roberts. 'I like thy Counsel very well, and intend to take it. But thou know'st God is the Higher Power; and you mortal Men, however advanced in this World, are but the lower Power; and it is only because I endeavour to be obedient to the Will of the Higher Powers, that the lower Powers are angry with me. But I hope, with the Assistance of God, to take thy Counsel, and be subject to the Higher Powers, let the lower Powers do with me as it may please God to suffer them.'

Bishop. I want some more Discourse with you. Will you go with me to Mr. *Bull's*?

John Roberts. *Thou knowest he hath no Good-will for me. I had rather attend thee elsewhere.*

Bishop. Will you come Tomorrow to *Tedbury*?

John Roberts. *Yes, if thou desirest it.*

Bishop. Well, I do. The Bishop then took his Leave, and went not to *George Bull's*, at which he was very much offended.

Next.

Next Morning my Father took his Son *Nathaniel* with him, in Case the Bishop (in Compliance with the violent Clamours of the Priests) should send him to Prison, which he expected. As they were passing along a Street in *Tedbury*, they were met by *Anthony Sharpe*, of *Ireland*, whose Mother lived at *Tedbury*. After he understood by my Father where he was going, he ask'd him if he would accept of a Companion? *If thou hast a mind to go to Prison*, says my Father, *thou may'st go with me*. I'll venture that (reply'd *Anthony*); for if I do, I shall have good Company. When they came to the Foot of the Stairs which led up to the Bishop's Chamber, they were espy'd by *George Evans*, who said, Come up, *John*; my Lord thought you long. When they came up the Bishop was just sitting down to Dinner, with a Number of Clergymen; and offering to make Room for my Father, he excused himself, and retired with his Friend 'till Dinner was over. The Bishop spoke to the Woman of the House for another Room, which (it being Market-Day) was soon filled with Priests and Clothiers, &c.

Bishop. (putting on a stern Countenance) said, Come, *John*, I must turn over a new Leaf with you. If you will not promise me to go to Church, and to keep no more of these seditious Conventicles at your House, I must make your *Mittimus*, and send you to Prison.

John Roberts. ' Would'st thou have me shut my Doors against my Friends? It was but Yesterday that thou thyself, and many others here present, were at my House; and I was so far from shutting my Doors against you, that I invited you in, and you should have been welcome to the best Entertainment I had.

Bishop. It is those Meetings I speak of which you keep at your House, to the Terror of the Country.

John Roberts. ' This I'll promise thee before all this Company, that if any Plotters or ill-minded Persons come to my House, to plot or conspire against the King or Government, if I know it, I'll be the first Informer against them myself, though I have not a Penny for my Labour. But if honest and sober People come to my House, to wait upon and worship the God of Heaven, in Spirit and in Truth, such shall be welcome to me as long as I have
' a House

‘ a House for ‘em to meet in ; and if I should have none,
 ‘ the LORD will provide one for ‘em.

Bishop. Will you promise to go to your own Parish-
 Church to hear Divine Service ?

John Roberts. ‘ I can promise no such Thing. The last
 ‘ Time I was there, I was moved and required of the LORD,
 ‘ whom I serve, to bear my Testimony against a hireling
 ‘ Priest, who was preaching for Hire and divining for Money,
 ‘ and he was angry with me, and caused the People to turn
 ‘ me out. And I don’t intend to trouble him again till
 ‘ he learn more Civility, except the LORD require it of me.

Bishop. Send for the Constable : I must take another
 Course.

John Roberts. ‘ If thou should’st come to my House un-
 ‘ der a Pretence of Friendship, and, in a *Judas* like Man-
 ‘ ner, betray me hither to send me to Prison, as I have
 ‘ hitherto commended thee for thy Moderation, I should
 ‘ then have Occasion to put thy Name in Print, and cause
 ‘ it to stink before all sober People. But it is those who set
 ‘ thee on-to Mischief. I would not have thee hearken to
 ‘ ‘em, but bid ‘em take up some honest Vocation, and rob
 ‘ their honest Neighbours no longer. They are like a
 ‘ Company of Caterpillars who destroy the Fruits of the
 ‘ Earth, and live on the Fruits of other Mens Labours.

Then Priest *Rich* of *North-Sarray*, said, Who are those
 you call Caterpillars ?

John Roberts. ‘ We Husbandmen call them Caterpillars,
 ‘ who live on the Fruits of other Mens Fields, and on the
 ‘ Sweat of other Mens Brows. And if thou dost so, thou
 ‘ may’st be one of them.

Rich. May it please Your Lordship, if you suffer such
 a Man as this to *Thou* Your Lordship, and call You *Old-*
Man, what will become of us ?

John Roberts. ‘ We honour Old Age, if it be found in
 ‘ the Way of Well-doing ; but one would not think you
 ‘ should be such Dunces as to forget Grammar Rules. You
 ‘ bred up at *Oxford* and *Cambridge* ! For What ? I, that
 ‘ am a Layman, and bred up at Plow-Tail, understand the
 ‘ Singular and Plural Numbers. *Thee* and *Thou* is proper
 ‘ to a single Person, if it be to a Prince : Thou know’st it,
 ‘ Old Man. What ! have you forgot your Prayers, Is it
 ‘ *You*, O LORD, or *Thou*, O LORD, in your Prayers ? Will
 ‘ you

‘ you not accept the same Language from your Fellow Mortals, which you give to the ALMIGHTY? What Spirit was that in proud *Haman* that would have poor *Mordecai* to bow to Him?

Bishop. This won't do. Make their *Mittimus's*. What's your Name?

Anthony Sharp. My Name is *Anthony Sharp*.

Bishop. Where do you live?

Anthony Sharp. At *Dublin*, in the Kingdom of *Ireland*.

Bishop. What's your Business here?

Anthony Sharp. My Mother lives in this Town: And as she is such, and an ancient Woman, I thought it my Duty to come and see her.

John Roberts. He only came hither in Good will to bear me Company. If thou please, lay the more on me, and let him go free.

Bishop. No; he may be as dangerous a Person as yourself; and as you came for Company, you shall go for Company. Send for the Constable to take them into Custody.

The Woman of the House, understanding the Constable was to be sent for, dispatch'd a Messenger to him, to bid him get out of the Way. But the Messenger missing him, he came to the House by Accident. To whom the Landlady said, What do you here, when honest *John Haywood* is going to be sent to Prison? Here, come along with me. The Constable being willing, she conceal'd him in another Room, and the Bishop's Messenger bringing him Word that the Constable was not to be found, he said to my Father: —

Bishop. Here are many Gentlemen who have a great Way home, and I can send you to Prison in the Afternoon; so you may take your Liberty till Six a Clock.

My Father perceiv'd his Intent was to get rid of his Company. So he withdrew, with his Friend *Anthony Sharp*; and at Six a Clock returned without him, and found only Two Persons with him, *i. e.* *Edward Barnet*, a Surgeon, of *Cockerton*, and *Parson Hall*.

Bishop. So, *John*, you are come. 'Tis well; I want some more Discourse with you.

Parson Hall. An't please you, my Lord, let me discourse him.

Bishop.

Bishop. Ay do, Mr. *Hall*, *John* will give you an Answer.

Parson Hall. 'Tis a great Pity such Men as you should have the Light, Sight, and Knowledge of the Scriptures; for the Knowledge of the Scriptures hath made you mad.

John Roberts. 'Why should I not have the Privilege of buying the Scriptures for my Money as well as thou or any other Man. But you Priests, like the Papists, would have us Laymen kept in Ignorance, that we might pin our Faith on your Sleeves; and so the Blind lead the Blind till both fall into the Ditch. But if the Knowledge of the Scriptures hath made me mad, the Knowledge of the Sackpot hath almost made thee mad; and if we Two Madmen should dispute about Religion, we should make mad Work of it. But, as thou art an unworthy Man, I'll not dispute with thee.

Parson Hall. An't please you, my Lord, he says I'm drunk.

John Roberts. Wilt thou speak an Untruth before thy Lord-Bishop.

Parson Hall. He did say I was drunk, my Lord.

Bishop. What did you say, *John*? I'll believe you.

My Father repeating what he said before, the Bishop held up his Hands, and (smiling) said, 'Did you say so, *John*?' By which *Hall* perceiving the Bishop did not incline to favour him, went away in a Huff. The Bishop then directing his Discourse to my Father, said, '*John*, I thought you dealt hardly with me To-day, in telling me, before so many Gentlemen, that I came to your House in a Judas-like Manner, and betray'd you hither to send you to Prison; for if I had not done what I did, People would have reported me an Encourager of the Quakers.'

John Roberts. If they had, it would have been no Discredit to thee.

Bishop. Come now, *John*, I'll burn your Mittimus's before your Face. And now, Mr. *Barnet*, I have a Mind to ask *John* some Questions. *John*, I have heard Mr. *Bull* say strange Things of you: That you can tell where to find any Thing that's lost as well as any Cunning Man. But I desire to hear it from your own Mouth. 'Twas a-

bout

bout some Cows that a Neighbour had lost, and could no where find them, 'till they apply'd to you.

John Roberts. *If thou pleasest to hear me, I'll tell thee the Truth of that Story.*

Bishop. Pray do; I shall believe you, *John.*

John Roberts. ' I had a poor Neighbour, who had a Wife and Six Children, and whom the Chief Men about us permitted to keep Six or Seven Cows upon the Waste, which were the principal Support of his Family, and preserv'd 'em from becoming chargeable to the Parish. One very stormy Night the Cattle were left in the Yard, as usual; but could not be found in the Morning. The Man and his Sons had sought 'em to no Purpose: And after they had been lost 4 Days, his Wife came to me, and, in a great Deal of Grief, cry'd, ' O LORD! Master Haywood, we are undone! My Husband and I must go a begging in our Old Age! We have lost all our Cows! My Husband and the Boys have been round the Country, and can hear nothing of them, I'll down on my bare Knees if you'll stand our Friend! ' I desired she would not be in such an Agony, and told her she should not down on her Knees to me; but I would gladly help them in what I could.' I know, *said she*, you are a good Man, and God will hear your Prayers. I desire thee (*said I*) to be still and quiet in thy Mind; perhaps thy Husband or Sons may hear of 'em To-day: If not, let thy Husband get a Horse, and come to me To-morrow Morning as soon as he will; and I think, if it please God, to go with him to seek 'em. The Woman seem'd transported with Joy, crying, *Then we shall have our Cows again!* ' Her Faith being so strong, brought the greater Exercise on me with strong Cries to the LORD, that he would be pleased to make me instrumental in his Hand, for the Help of the poor Family. In the Morning early comes the Old Man. In the Name of God, *says he*, which Way shall we go to seek 'em? ' I being deeply concerned in my Mind, did not answer him, 'till he had thrice repeated it; and then I answered, in the Name of God I would go to seek them, and said (before I was aware) we will go to *Malm'sbury*, and at the Horse Fair we shall find them. When I had spoken the Words, I was much troubled lest they should not prove true. It was very early, and the first Man we saw, I ask'd him if he had seen any stray

' Milch Cows thereabout? *What Manner of Cattle are they*
 ' said he? And the Old Man describing their Marks and
 ' Number, he told us there was some stood chewing their
 ' Cuds in their Horse Fair; but thinking they belonged to
 ' some in the Neighbourhood, he did not take particular
 ' Notice of them. When we came to the Place, the Old
 ' Man found 'em to be his; but suffered his Transports of
 ' Joy to rise so high, that I was ashamed of his Behaviour;
 ' for he fell a hallowing, and threw up his Mountier Cap
 ' in the Air several Times, 'till he rais'd the Neighbours
 ' out of their Beds to see what was the Matter.' O! said
 he, *I had lost my Cows four or five Days ago, and thought I*
should never see them again; and this honest Neighbour of mine
told me this Morning by his own Fire Side, Nine Miles off, that
here I should find them, and here I have them! ' Then up
 ' goes his Cap again. I begg'd of the poor Man to be
 ' quiet, and take his Cows home, and be thankful, as in-
 ' deed I was, being reverently bowed in my Spirit before the
 ' LORD, in that he was pleased to put the Words of Truth
 ' into my Mouth. And the Man drove his Cattle home,
 ' to the great Joy of his Family.

Bishop. I remember another Mr. Bull told me, about a
 Parcel of Sheep a Neighbour had lost, and you told him
 where to find 'em.

John Roberts. ' The Truth of the Story is this: A
 ' Neighbour of mine, one *John Curtis*, (at that Time a
 ' Domestick of *George Bull's*) kept some Sheep of his own;
 ' and it so fell out, that he lost 'em for some Days; but
 ' happening to see me, and knowing I went pretty much
 ' abroad, he desired me, if I should see 'em any where in
 ' my Travels, to let him know it. It happened the next
 ' Day, as I was riding towards my own Field, my Dogs
 ' being with me, put up a Hare, and seeing they were like-
 ' ly to kill her, I rode up to take them off, that she might
 ' escape, and, by meer Accident, I espy'd *J. Curtis's* Sheep
 ' in one Corner of the Field, in a thick briary Part of the
 ' Hedge, wherein they stood as secure as if they had been
 ' in a Pound. I suppose they had been driven thither by
 ' the Hounds. When I came home I sent him Word of it.
 And tho' this is no more than a common Accident, I find
George Bull hath endeavoured to improve it to my Dis-
 vantage.

Bisb

Bishop. I remember one Story more he told me, about a Horle.

John Roberts. ' If I shan't tire thy Patience, I'll acquaint thee how that was. One *Edward Symons* came from *London*, to see his Parents at *Siddington*. They put his Horle to Grass, in some Ground, with their own, beyond a Part of mine, call'd the *Fursen Leases*, thro' which they went with the Horle; and when they wanted to take him from Grass they could not find him. After he had been lost some Time, and they had cry'd him at several Market-Towns, somebody (who, 'tis likely might have heard the former Stories told, as thou might'st hear them) directed this *Edward Symons* to me, who telling me the Case, I ask'd him which Way they had the Horle to Grass? He answer'd, thro' the *Fursen-Leases*. I answer'd, The Horle being a Stranger in the Place, 'tis very likely he might endeavour to bend homewards, and lose himself in the *Fursen-Leases*; for there are a great many Acres belonging to me and others under that Name, which are so overgrown with Furze Bushes, that a Horle may lye there concealed a long Time. I therefore advis'd him to get a good deal of Company, and search the Places diligently, as if they were beating for a Hare; which if he did, I told him I was of the Mind he would find him. The Man did take my Advice, and found him. And where's the Cunning of all this? 'Tis no more than their own Reason might have directed them to, had they properly consider'd the Case.'

Bishop. I wanted to hear these Stories from your own Mouth, tho' I did not, nor should have credited them, in the Sense *Mr. Bull* related them. But I believe you, *John*. And now, *Mr. Barnet*, we'll ask *John* some serious Questions. I can compare him to nothing but a good Ring of Bells. You know, *Mr. Barnet*, a Ring of Bells may be made of as good Metal as can be put into Bells; but they may be out of Tune: So we may say of *John*; he's a Man of as good Metal as I ever met with; but he's quite out of Tune.

John Roberts. *Thou may'st well say so; for I can't tune after thy Pipe.*

Bishop. Well, *John*, I remember to have read, at the
D 2 Preaching

Preaching of the Apostle the Heart of *Lydia* was open'd.
Can you tell us what it was that open'd *Lydia's* Heart?

John Roberts. *I believe I can?*

Bishop. I thought so. I desire you to do it.

John Roberts. *It was nothing but the Key of David.*

Bishop. Nay, now *John*, I think you are going wrong.

John Roberts. *If thou pleasest to speak I'll hear thee; but if thou would'st have me speak, I desire thee to hear me.*

Bishop. Come, Mr. *Barnet*, we'll hear *John*.

John Roberts. ' It is written, Thou hast the Key of *David*, which opens and none can shut; and if thou shutt'st none can open. And that is no other but the Spirit of our LORD JESUS CHRIST. It was the same spiritual Key that open'd the Heart of *Moses*, the first Penman of the Scripture, and gave him a Sight of Things from the Beginning. It was the same spiritual Key that open'd the Hearts of all the Holy Patriarchs, Prophets, and Apostles, in Ages past, who left their Experience of the Things of God upon Record: Which if they had not done, you Bishops and Priests would not have had any Thing to make a Trade of; for it is by telling the Experience of these holy Men, that you get your great Bishopricks and Personages; and the same spiritual Key hath, blessed be God, open'd the Hearts of Thousands in this Age; and the same spiritual Key hath, in a measure, open'd my Heart, and given me to distinguish Things that differ, And it must be the same that must open thy Heart, if ever thou comest to have it truly opened.

Bishop. It is the Truth, the very Truth. I never heard it so defined before. *John*, I have done you much Wrong. I desire you to forgive me; and I'll never wrong you more.

John Roberts. ' I do heartily forgive thee, as far as it is in my Power; and I truly pray the Father of Mercies may forgive thee, and make thee his. As to the latter Part, that thou wilt never wrong me more, I am of the same Mind with thee; for it is in my Heart to tell thee, I shall never see thy Face any more!

Bishop. I have heard you once told the Jailer of *Gloucester* so, and it proved true.

John Roberts. ' That Jailer had been very cruel to me, and the rest of our *Friends*, who were then Prisoners. He had

' had kept us in the Prison from the Session to the Assize,
 ' and from the Assize to the Session, omitting to put our
 ' Names in the Calender, that we might have had a Hear-
 ' ing. At length I found Means, at an Assize Time,
 ' to acquaint the Judge (by Letter) of his illegal Proceed-
 ' ings. In Consequence of which we were ordered to be
 ' put on the Calender, had a Hearing, and were acquitted.
 The Judge severely reprimanded the Jailer, saying, *Sir-
 rah! if ever I hear that you do the like for the future, I'll
 take care that you shall be Jailer here no longer. Shall I come
 here to hear and determine Causes, and shall you keep Men in
 Prison during your Pleasure, and not put their Names in the
 Calendar?* The Jailer, coming out of the Court was heard
 by the Turnkey to say, *'Twas along of Haywood that I
 was so severely reprimanded by the Judge; and if ever he
 come into the Castle again, he shall never come out alive.*
 Upon which the Turnkey took an Opportunity to find me
 out, and informing me of it further said, *I wou'd not have
 you by any Means come back to the Castle To-night, to fetch any
 of your Things; for if you do he'll certainly detain you for his
 Fees. I'll take equal Care of your Things as if you yourself
 were present to do it.* I acknowledged his Kindness, and
 went home. When the Jailer returned to the Castle, he, ask'd
 the Turnkey where the Quakers were? He answer'd, he
 thought it his Business to take care of the Felons, and to leave
 the Quakers to him. Not long after, being Constable, I secured
 a Felon who broke out of the Castle, and sent the Turnkey No-
 tice of it. He coming over to fetch him back, begg'd, if by
 any Means I could prevent it, that I would not come any more a
 Prisoner to the Castle while his Master was Jailer; For, says
 he, if you do, he swears you shall never go out alive; and
 that Hour you come in I'll leave the Castle; for I can't stay
 there to see you abused. Does he still say so? said I. Yes,
 he does, said he. Then remember me to him, said I, and tell
 him from me, I shall never see his Face any more. Soon after it
 pleas'd GOD to take him away by Death; and in a little Time I
 was had Prisoner there again.

This was the last Conference my Father had with the Bi-
 shop, who died soon after.

Some Time after our Friends having been kept out of
 their Meeting-House at Cirencester, a considerable Time,
 had continued to meet in the Street. But Orders being

given one Day to permit them to meet in the House, they did; and while *Theophila Townsend* was in Prayer, the Bishop (Successor to Bishop *Nicholson*) Sir *John Guise*, *Wm. Burcher* of *Barnsley*, Justice of Peace, with a great Company attending them, came in. The Bishop laid his Hand on *Theophila's* Head, saying, *Enough, good Woman, enough; desist, desist.* When she had done, *Richard Bowley*, of *Cirencester*, went to Prayer. And when he had done, Sir *John Guise* ask'd his Name.

R. Bowley. My Name is *Richard Bowley*.

Sir *J. Guise.* Where do you live?

Rich. Bowley. In this Town.

Sir *J. Guise.* What Trade are you?

Rich. Bowley. A Malster.

Sir *J. Guise.* Set down *Rich. Bowley* 20*l.* for Preaching. Whose House is this?

John Roberts. *This House hath many Owners.*

Sir *J. Guise.* But who is the Landlord?

* *John Roberts.* One who is able to give us a quiet Possession of it.

Sir *J. Guise.* I demand of you who is the Landlord of it?

John Roberts. *The King is our Landlord.*

Sir *J. Guise.* How is the King your Landlord?

John Roberts. *It is the King's Land, and we pay the King's Auditors. And we are not only his peaceable Subjects, but also his good Tenants, who pay him his Rent. Therefore we have Reason to hope he will give us a peaceable Possession of our Bargain.*

Sir *J. Guise.* Who pays the King's Auditors?

Rich. Bowley. I do.

Sir *J. Guise.* Set down *Richard Bowley* 20*l.* for the House.

John Roberts. *Who is that [speaking to the other Justices] who is so forward to take Names, and levy Fines?*

Justice Burcher. Don't you know him? 'Tis Sir *John Guise*.

Sir *J. Guise.* What's that to you? What's your Name?

John Roberts. *I'm not ashamed of my Name. But if thy Name be John Guise, I knew thy Father by a very remarkable Incident: And I would have thee take Warning by thy Father.*
—A Word to the Wise is sufficient.

Sir

Sir *J. Guise*. Here, Constable, take this Fellow, and lay him by the Heels. He affronts me.

John Roberts. *My Heels, Man! Fear and dread the living GOD: I am not afraid of being laid by the Heels.* The Constable not being forward to obey his Orders, he took my Father by one Arm, and bid the Constable take him by the other. So they led him into the Street, and bid him go out about his Business. *I am about my Business,* said my Father: And, on their going in again, my Father follow'd them.

Sir *J. Guise*. Haywood, I thought I had you out. What do you here again?

John Roberts. *I come to see how thou behavest among my Friends, and if thou dost not behave thyself well, I shall make bold to tell thee of it.*

Sir *J. Guise*. I command you, in the King's Name, to go out again.

John Roberts. *If thou pleasest to go out first, I'll follow.*

With some Pains he got all the Friends out of the House, and order'd all the Forms to be brought out into the Street. Which was done. On which my Father said, *The Seats are our own, and we may as well sit as stand.* So the Friends sat down: But presently after they were broke up and dispers'd.——Not long after, *John Timbrel*, a Friend of *Cirencester*, wrote to Justice *Burcher*, and told him (amongst other Things) he had 'till then a better Opinion of him than to think he would set his Hand to such a Work; and that he was sorry he should be one in it. Sir *John* being acquainted with it by Justice *Burcher*, sent out a Special Warrant against *John Timbrel*. The Constable who had it to serve was so civil to inform him of it, and tell him that he would not serve it on him 'till his Market was over. However, he left his Market, came to my Father, told him of the Warrant, and ask'd his Advice. My Father advised him not to stay for the Serving of the Warrant, but go directly to Sir *John*. He engaging my Father to accompany him, away they went. When they came before Sir *John*, *John Timbrel* said, 'I heard thou hadst sent out a Warrant to bring me before thee. But I chose rather to come without it.

Sir *John*. What's your Name?

J. Timbrel. My Name is *John Timbrel*.

Sir

Sir John. Are you that sauey pragmatic Fellow that wrote to Mr. Burcher, to deter him from executing the King's Laws?

J. Timb. ' I did write a Letter to Wm. Burcher.

Sir John. Then you deserve a Stone Doublet.

J. Timb. ' Haft thou seen the Letter?

Sir John. No, but I have had an Account of it.

J. Roberts. *Then, tho' thou art a young Man, I desire thee to shew thyself so much a wise Man as not to condemn any Thing thou hast not seen. I have seen a Copy of it, and think there is a great deal of good Advice in it; and I wish both thou and Wm. Burcher were so wise as to take it.*

Sir John. I thought you were the Writer or Inditer of it, tho' Timbrel's Name was to it.

John Roberts. *No, I was not. I knew nothing of it 'till after 'twas sent.*

Sir John. But I remember you affronted me t'other Day before a great Number of People concerning my Father. Pray what do you know of my Father?

*John Roberts. ' Some Time ago, several of my Friends being met, together with me, in a peaceable Manner, to worship God, at Stoke Orchard, thy Father came in with a File of Musqueteers at his Heels, and beat and abus'd us very much. I then warn'd him in abundance of Love. Yet he did not seem to regard it, but sent about 12 of us to Gloucester Castle. I then told him God would plead our Cause with him. And I was credibly inform'd, that (not the very Night, but) the next Night after, he went to Bed as well in Appearance as usual; but, in the Morning, he not ringing a certain Bell, which he had by him for that Purpose, at the Time he us'd to do, his House-keeper went up several Times, and thought he was asleep. But at length, suspecting something more than ordinary, she made a closer Inspection; and, perceiving his Countenance chang'd, she threw open the Curtains in a great Surprize. On which, he just flash'd open his Eyes, but said not a Word. She ask'd him how he did? but he made no Answer. Which made her cry more earnestly, *Pay, Sir, how do you do? How is it with you? For God's Sake, tell me.* And all he said to her was, *Oh! these Quakers! oh! these Quakers! Would to*
 ' God

‘ God I had never had a Hand against these Quakers!’ I did not hear that he ever spoke more.

Sir John seem’d surpris’d at this Relation, and did not contradict it in the least; which, it is reasonable to think, he would, and with Resentment too, had it not been true. Yet notwithstanding this fair Warning, he continued his Practice of granting Warrants against us. But the Officers were generally so civil as to acquaint us with it in Time. Some Time after this, Sir J. Guise and Sir Rob. Atkins, being at Perrot’s Brook, Two Miles from Cirencester, quarrell’d as thy were Gaming. Sir John drew his Sword, and demanded Satisfaction. But those in the House stepp’d between them and parted them. They seeming to appear pacified, sat down to play again. But afterwards, taking a Walk together in the Bowling-green, the Breast of Sir John being still fill’d with Resentment, he said, Sir Robert, you gave me the Lie; and I will have Satisfaction.

Sir Robert. *If I have said any Thing more than is common for Gentlemen to say to each other in their Play, betwixt you and me, I ask your Pardon.*

Sir John. ‘ If you’ll go in, and ask it before the People of the House, I will put it up; otherwise I will not.

Sir Robert. No, Sir John; *that’s beneath me.*

Sir John. ‘ Then draw, or you shall die like a Dog.— They both drew; and Sir Robert gave him a gentle Prick in the Arm, and said, *I desire you, Sir John, to take that for Satisfaction. I could have had you elsewhere; but was unwilling to do you further Mischief.*

Sir John. ‘ I’ll kill, or be kill’d !

Sir Robert. *If that be your Mind, look to your Self as well as you can; for I shall have you at next Pass.—*And so he had; for he ran him through, in at the Belly, and out at the Back; on which he fell, Sir Robert stepp’d up to him, unbutton’d his Cloaths, tore his Shirt down, and gently drew out his Sword: And then, after he had well suck’d the Wound, taking his Handkerchief, he rowl’d up the Corners of it hard, and thrust it into the Orifice: Then buttoning his Cloaths, he lifted him up, and desired him, while he was able, that he would acquaint the People of the House that his Death was of his own seeking. And when they were come about him, he was so generous as to say, ‘ If I die, Sir Robert is clear; for if he had not killed me, I
‘ would

‘ would have killed him.’ Sir *Robert* procur’d him Surgeons: And, after a while, when great Pains came upon him, he lamented himself much, and said, ‘ It was the just Hand of God upon him for meddling with the Quakers. But, if he will be pleased to spare me, and try me again, I’ll never have a Hand against ’em any more. For *Haywood* told me, If I went on persecuting, the same Hand that overtook my Father would overtake Me, before I was aware. He further told me, I was set on by some envious Priests; and I might have Time to repent it. And so I do with all my Heart. And ’tis true; I could never come into Company with Mr. *Careless* or Mr. *Freame*, but they would be stirring me up to put the Laws in Execution against *Dissenters*.’ The Sword having mis’d his Intrails, he recover’d, stood Candidate for the County after, and never more disturb’d our Meetings.

The next Thing I shall take Notice of is, the Proceedings of Justice *James George* against my Father, my Brother *Nathaniel*, and myself. He came to the *Ram* in *Cirencester*, and sent for my Brother and me. My Father went with us. And, when we came thither he said; ——— ‘ ’Tis very well *John*, that you are come too. I sent for your Sons, to let them know it is His Majesty’s Pleasure to have the Laws put in Execution: And now I take this Opportunity to let them and you know that we must all be of One Church.

John Roberts. ‘ Thou ought’st then to be well assured that it be the *right Church*. For if thou shouldst be so far permitted to exercise the Authority thou art intrusted with, as to force a Man, against his Conscience, to conform to a *wrong Church*, thou can’st not indemnify that Man for so *Conforming* in the Day of Account. I have read, indeed, that our SAVIOUR made a Whip of small Cords to whip the Buyers and Sellers out of the Temple; but I never read that he whipp’d any in. ——— The Window of the Room being open, we had a Prospect of *Cirencester Tower*; and the Justice, pointing to it said, ‘ What do you call that *John*?’

John Roberts. Thou may’st call it a Daw-house, if thou pleasest. Dostn’t thou see how the Jack-Daws flock about it.

Justice. Well! notwithstanding your jesting, I warn you, in

in the King's Name, that you Meet no more, as you'll answer it at your Peril.

John Roberts. *Then, I suppose, thou think'st thou hast done thy Duty.*

Justice. Yes.

John Roberts. *Then I desire thee to give me Leave to do my Duty. And I do now warn thee, in the Name of the King of Kings, and Lord of Lords, not to molest or hinder us in the peaceable Exercise of our Duty to God, as thou wilt answer it at another Day.*

A little Time after this, he sent to the Officers, to bid 'em go to the Quakers Meeting-house on Sunday next, and bring their Names to him. The Officers were very unwilling to obey his Command; and some of them acquainted me with their Orders, desiring we would not meet at the usual Time, or otherwise that we would meet at another Place. I told them, we did not dare so far to deny the Worship of our God: For, said I, we worship the same God that *Daniel* did: And he, notwithstanding the severe Decree of the King, failed not openly to own God, by praying to him, with his Window open as usual. And our God is the same he was in *Daniel's* Days, as able to stop the Mouth of the Lion as he was then. And we are not afraid to trust in him, having had Experience of many Deliverances he hath wrought for us. The next First Day we met, at the Time and Place we used to meet; and a good Meeting we had, the Living Presence of the Lord being sensibly felt amongst us. One of the Constables came in, and deliver'd a Warrant to my Brother *John*, desiring him to read it. But my Brother put it in his Pocket, telling him he design'd to read it when the Meeting was over. 'That will not do,' said he; for if you will not read it now, I desire you to 'give it me again.' Which he did. And then they took a List of several of our Names, and carried it to Justice *George*. On which he sent out his Warrants to distrain our Goods. They seiz'd my Father's Corn in his Barns, and lock'd up the Barn-Doors. At that Time the Murrain had seiz'd the Justice's Cattle, and they died apace. His Steward told him he must send for *John Haywood*, or he would loose all his Cattle. 'No, said the Justice, don't send for him now; because I have Warrants out against him and his Sons. Send for any body else now.' So the Steward sent

sent for another; who did what he could for 'em; but to very little Purpose, for the Cattle continued to sicken and die as before. The Steward then told him, 'Please your Worship, if you don't send for *John Haywood*, I believe you will loose all your Cattle; for now the Bull is sick, and off his Meat; and I don't find *this* Man does 'em any good. But if you please to send for *John*, I don't question but he could be of Service to 'em.' Send for *him* then, said the Justice; but don't bring him in as you use to do. When he has done what he can, pay him and dismiss him. So my Father was sent for and went (having learned the Great Christian Lesson to return Good for Evil) and did his best for 'em. When he had done, as he was wiping his Hands in the Entry, the Justice undesignedly came by him; and, seeing he could not avoid his Notice, said, 'So *John*, you have done something for my Cattle, I suppose. Yes,' said my Father, *and I hope it will do 'em good.* Well, said the Justice to the Steward, pay *John*.

John Roberts. No; *I'll have none of thy Money.*

• *Justice.* None of my Money! Why so!

John Roberts. *To what Purpose is it for me to take a little of thy Money by Retail, and thou come and take my Goods by Wholesale.*

Justice. Don't think your coming to drench and bleed my Cattle shall deter me from executing the King's Laws.

John Roberts. *It's Time enough for thee to deny me a Favour when I ask it of thee. I seek no Favour at thy Hands. But, when thou hast done me all the Displeasure thou art permitted to do, I will notwithstanding serve thee or thine to the utmost of my Power.*

Justice. Well, *John*, you must stay and dine with me.

John Roberts. *Perhaps I shall intrude if I stay. I had rather be excused.*

Justice. 'Tis no Intrusion, *John*; you shall stay.

So my Father stay'd, and presented him with a Piece of *Thomas Ellwood's* against Persecution. Which together with my Father's Readiness to serve him, so wrought on him, that I don't remember any of his Corn was taken from him at that Time. But my Brother *Nathaniel* and myself, being Partners in Trade in *Cirencester*, were Fin'd by this Justice *George*, for our Selves and Unable Persons present with us at the Meeting, Seventy Pounds.

Some

Some time after came to our House Sir Thomas Cutter, with other Justices, the Sheriff of the County, his Men, and two Constables. Our Neighbours, in Good-will to us, shut our Doors, and the Maid fastened them on the Inside. But the Justices gave Orders they should be broke open. A Young Woman, being in the Shop when it was done, ran out at the Back-door in a Fright. Which Sir Thomas seeing, said, 'There's One gone! There might as well be five Hundred gone! I'll take my Oath here was a Conventicle. I, being near him, bid him take care what he said or swore, because he must give Account, and he knew not how soon. A Servant belonging to one of them took off my Hat, and laid it on the Table. I took it, and put it on again, saying, *I hope a Man may keep his Hat on in his own House, without Offence to any Man.*

Sir Thomas. What's your Name?

D. Roberts. *Daniel Roberts.*

Sir Thomas. Can you swear?

D. Roberts. *Not that I know of. I never try'd.*

Sir Thomas. Then you must begin now.

D. Roberts. *I think I shall not.*

Sir Thomas. How will you help it?

D. Roberts. *By not doing it. But if thou can'st convince me by that Book in thy Hand [which was a Bible] that it is lawful to swear, since CHRIST forbids it, then I will swear. For when Men come and say You must swear or suffer, 'tis but reasonable to expect such Men should be qualified to prove it lawful. Our Saviour says, Swear not at all: Thou say'st I must swear. Pray, which must I obey?*

Sir Thomas. Well, Daniel, if you will not swear you must go to Jail.

D. Roberts. *The Will of GOD be done. For be it known to you, we had rather be in Prison, and enjoy our Peace with GOD, than be at Liberty, and break our Peace with Him.*

Justice Parsons. I suppose you are one of J. Haywood's Sons.

D. Roberts. *Yes.*

Justice Parsons. I am sorry for that.

D. Roberts. *Why art thou sorry for that? I never heard an honest Man speak against my Father in my Life. What hast thou against him?*

Sir Thomas. That he is not only misled himself, but is also a Means to mislead others.

D. Roberts. *If you have nothing against him but his*
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Obedience

Obedience to the Law of his God, that's no more than the Accusers of honest Daniel had against him; and that does not concern me. Sir Thomas. His worshipping God in the Way he does is Crime enough. D. Roberts. *Then I hope I shall be a Criminal as long as I live.*

Then they seiz'd what Goods they pleas'd, and took them away with them. And, after they had tender'd to us the Oaths twice more, our Mittimus was made, and we were sent to Gloucester Castle; where we found several of our Friends before us; and, with them that were sent in soon after us, we became a Family of Forty or Fifty. The Jailer's Name was John Landborne; and, for a Piece of Service I did him gratis in his Absence, (i. e. officiating as Key-turner, and preventing two notorious Robbers from breaking out) I could prevail with him to let several of our Friends go home, when Occasion particularly required, for some Time together. We, being a large Number of us in the Prison, had often large Meetings, on the First Days, in the Castle. Divers of the Prisoners who were not of us, as well as several People out of the City, would come and sit down with us. Therefore Richard Parsons, one of our Persecutors, who liv'd in the City, came to our Morning Meeting, accompany'd with several others. My Father was present with us, and Henry Panton (who had formerly been a Fencing-master) was preaching, when they came in, concerning the Confession of some, who perpetually say, they are doing of what they ought not, and leaving undone what they ought to do: Which Words Parsons (who was a Priest, a Chancellor, and a Justice, took hold of, telling him he was complaining of others for what he was doing himself: For said he, *You are now a doing what you ought not, and leaving undone what you ought to do; catching hold of his grey Locks to pull him down.* But Henry being a tall Man, pretty strong and active, tho' in Years, he stood his Ground, and spoke over his Head. Parsons then strove to stop his Mouth; but he avoided it by turning his Head aside. When he had done speaking, a Friend stood up and said, *'Tis a Sign the Devil's hard put to it to have his Drudgery done, that Priests must leave their Pulpits and Pariskioners, to take up the Business of Informers against poor Prisoners in the Prison.* After Priest Parsons had been some Time endeavouring to get the Names of some present, and nobody would give him Information, he thus broke out: *If you are thereabouts, I shall*
be

be even with you another Way. For he had got a List of several of the Prisoners Names: and taking for granted they were all present at the Time, he sent out his Warrants for detaining their Goods. However, herein he was mistaken; for several were then absent; amongst whom was *Lettice Gush*, a Widow, who liv'd about twenty Miles distant. Some Officers were sent to her House to distrain her Goods, for being at this Meeting, when she was twenty Miles from the Place. When the Officers came, she told them she was not at the Meeting; and, to convince them, persuaded 'em to go with her to her Landlord, who was also a Justice of the Peace, and knew what she said to be true. When they came before him, and shew'd him the Warrant, 'What a Rascal, said he, is this *Parsons*! Here he says he'll take his Oath that my Tenant was convicted by him of being at a Conventicle, in *Gloucester* Castle such a Day of the Month; and I'll take my Oath she was at home the same Time, which is twenty Miles off. If you touch any of her Goods by Virtue of this Warrant, be it at your Peril. I'll assure you if you do, I'll stick close to your Skirts.'

Officer. *What can we do in this Case? How can we make a legal Return of the Warrant without executing it?*

Landlord. 'Carry it back to Mr. *Parsons*, and tell him to wipe his Breech with it; and I'll bear you out in it.'

So they return'd, without giving her any further Trouble. Another Warrant was issued out against *Francis Boy*, Physician, on the same Account, and of the same Value, who was likewise absent at the Time of his pretended Conviction. When the Officers came to distrain his Goods, he was not at home. So his Cattle were taken away, to the Value of between 20 and 30*l*. He afterwards, on Inspection, found by his Books, that he was attending a Gentleman the Time he was said to be convicted. To this Gentleman he went, and enquired of him if he could remember the Day he attended him? The Gentleman answer'd, 'He had good Reason to remember it; for, said he, if you had not done what you did for me that Day, I believe I should have been now in my Grave.' He then inform'd the Gentleman of the Reason that induced him to give him that Trouble. 'Well, reply'd he, I advise you to appeal to the next Quarter Sessions for Redress; and you may assure yourself I'll endeavour to serve you what lies in my Power; for I'll take my Oath,

• Oath, before any Judge, or Bench of Justices in *England*,
 • that you were with me that Day.' But it so fell out that
 he had no Occasion to appeal. For it soon took Air that
 he had such a substantial Evidence in his Favour; and his
 Cattle were return'd before the Sessions.

Not long after, it pleas'd God to visit our dear Father
 with Sickness that prov'd mortal. I had Leave to attend
 him in the major Part of the Time he was sick: And the
 LORD was pleas'd to favour him with his living Presence in
 his last Moments; and having honourably finished his Day's
 Work, he departed this Life in the Year 1683, and was in-
 terred in the Piece of Ground he had long before given to
 Friends for a Burying-place, situate at the lower End of his
 Orchard, at *Siddington*, near *Cirencester*.

Some Days after his Interment, I had the News that my
 Brother and myself, with Four Friends more were discharg'd
 by the Judge; but that the other Four were detain'd for
 their Fees. I therefore went down to use my Interest with
 the Jailer for their Discharge. I found him ill in Bed; and he
 told me he was very willing to remit the Fees belonging to
 himself; but there was some due to the Under-Sheriff, and
 those were not in his Power. But soon after, Providence
 so ordered, that we all had our Liberty; and I came and
 settled at my present Habitation at *Chefsbam*, in *Buckingham-*
shire, where I have now dwelt about forty Years.

Thus, considering, that it were great Pity those singular
 Providences of the Almighty should not be recorded, for
 the Benefit of Posterity, I was willing, for my own Perusal
 and that of my Family, and some few particular Friends, to
 commit them to writing. In the doing of which, respecting
 the several Conferences my Father had with the Bishops, and
 others, before mentioned, I have been careful to pen them
 down in the same Words they were then express'd in, as
 near as I could recollect, or at least to retain the genuine
 Sense and Purport of them. Which (Reader) if they tend
 to thy Confirmation and Encouragement in a Course of true
 Christian Piety, I have my End; who am

20 AP 57
 Thy sincere Friend,

Chefsbam, 4th Mo.
 1725.

DANIEL ROBERTS.

The End.